SOLDIERS

Of the Cross and Crucifix Were United on an American Battlefield.

Graphic Story From Historic Shiloh Told by Veteran Writer.

Late Lamented Father Ryan a Witness of a Pathetic Reunion.

DEATH CLAIMED ANOTER HERO

A writer in the Hibernian, published in Boston, who was a correspondent for a London daily journal during the civil war, gives a graphic story of the union of a brother and sister on the battlefield of Shiloh coupled with a story of the character of the Rev. Father Ryan, the Poet Priest of the South. The writer says in part:

Father Ryan's orderly came running in with the news that the Union forces led by Sheridan were attacking. The mists that concealed the Federal troops were lifted and Sheridan at the head of his regiment could be plainly seen advancing. The orderly, whose name was Miles Driscoll, had just been intrusted with important dispatches, so he hurriedly grasped our hands and knelt for a blessing from Father Ryan. Driscoll was not yet twenty-one. Six years before he came from the Glen of Aherlow. He had earned the confidence of his Colonel by his valor and his kindly nature.

When the battle ceased our tent was within the Federal lines and we narrowly escaped being captured. I learned that Col. Sullivan was dangerously wounded. From an ambulance squad I learned that Father Ryan was administering to the wounded in the battlefield. I found him. What a ministering angel he was; how well his labors gave testimony that the love the Southern soldiers bore for him was deserved! I approached and grasped his hand. He did not recognize me. He appeared as if he had lost the human, that the spiritual alone possessed him.

"Oh, Gracious God!" he exclaimed, "will not this sacrifice satisfy thy wrath. Look with pity on thy erring people." The scene was appalling. But lo! the strangest of all appeared. Struggling up the crimson crags was a girlish form with a small lantern in one hand. The nun's garb in which she was attired was nigh torn to shreds, and the crucifix which was suspended from her girdle was wet with the blood of the wounded, while she held the sacred emblem in her trembling hands and asked forgiveness of Him whose blood was shed on Calvary for all. She hurriedly approached the priest and said: "Oh, Father Ryan, come at once, there is a soldier in gray dying in yonder thicket and he is craving to see you before he dies. Come for mercy's sake." The good priest beckoned me to assist her and we soon reached the thicket. There lay Miles Driscoll, the orderly, his life-blood ebbing slowly. "Father Ryan, he muttered faintly, "I was afraid you would not come. The doctor ordered the ambulance not to wait for me; that death would claim me soon. Father, send the news to my mother. May God comfort her. Send her this scapular; I got it from my sister Eileen from the convent in Baltimore." He ceased talking.

The good priest told me to make a note that Miles Driscoll of the Glen of Aherlow was killed today. As he repeated the name the nun gave a scream and sprang forward and looked into the wounded man's eyes and exclaimed, "Oh, Miles, my brother, is it you?" and swooned away. The dying soldier raised on his elbow and looked with dazed and far off look at Father Ryan and faintly said: "What voice is that I heard? Whose eyes looked into mine? Answer me, Father Ryan, where is she?" The good priest was holding the swooning sister in his arms, the voice seemed to bring her back to consciousness and she knelt by the side of the dying boy, and kissing his pallid lips she whispered: "Miles, I am here." A strange light came into his eyes and eagerly he asked her: "What, Eileen, are you soldiering, too?" The effort was too much for him and he sank back again and closed his eyes while the tears of the anguished sister fell on his brow. Again his strength seemed to return. Reaching out, he grasped her hand and said: "Oh, Eileen, I am so glad you are come. Kiss me, darling, I see the clouds are falling over the Galtees. I hear the birds singing in the woodland near the old home. Mother is waiting for me at the old boreen and little Willie, who has slept so many years in the old churchyard, is with her, and they are beckoning for me to come. Pray for me, Eileen; kiss me, for I must go." Resting his head on her bosom his spirit passed away. Father Ryan could not speak for a time, then raising his hands to heaven, he exclaimed: "Oh, Mother Ireland, how gloriously your fame is earned by these soldiers of the sword and of the crucifix."

RARE OLD CHURCH

St. Patrick's parish, New Orleans, recently observed the diamond jubilee of its foundation. The first church for English speaking Catholics from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, from the west of the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains and beyond to the Pacific coast, St. Patrick's church ranks after the ancient St. Louis Cathedral, as the most historic and important in the archives of Louisiana. St. Patrick's parish was founded in 1833 mostly by Irish Catholic immigrants. Rev. Adam Kindelon was the first pastor of this, the second church in New Orleans, and he was succeeded by Rev. James Mullen, who moulded its fortunes for more than thirty years. He built the present church as it now stands in 1837. Father Mullen, who was noted for his learning and wit, died in 1866 at the age of seventy-four years. Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald, the present pastor, took charge in 1903. He is a native of Ireland, and one of the youngest rectors in the New Orleans archdiocese. He was ordained at Carlow College, where he studied for the priesthood, in 1899, and came at once to this country. Since assuming the pastorate of St. Patrick's Father Fitzgerald has done splendid work in building up the parish, both spiritually and materially.

HINTS ON STYLE.

The negligee or flowered mull is finding great favor with milady just now.

There is a great vogue for barred materials—lawns, batistes and muslins.

The present sleeve is close, but not tight; it molds the arm without binding it.

The elaborate tea gown requires a plaited underrobe of chiffon or mousseline de soie.

Embroidered Swisses, either flowered or in plain white, are much used in the making of tea gowns and jackets.

No garment could be more delightful than the real French morning wrapper for those who spend their mornings in their bedrooms.

The tunic idea presents many charming possibilities for trimming, since the overskirt almost invariably is bordered in one way or another.

For a dress of silk or veiling, the collar, yoke and sleeves may be of lace or embroidered net, and the inserted vest sections may be of heavier lace.

Coat effects are still liked in the province of the elegant negligee, and embroidered crepe shawls with fringe are used in some of the elaborate gowns.

The triumph of the American girl's smartness is most apparent in her simple gowns, but her coat, on the other hand, may be as much decorated as her fancy suggests.

Ostrich feathers are not considered proper for mourning and the flowers should show no touch of color. The sailor shape is permitted, but the ornamentation of all millinery is confined to tulle, net or ribbon.

Appropriate garments to lessen the depressing look of mourning in hot weather may be found in great variety. Recruits from these ranks are voile, crepe de chine, mousseline de soie, nun's veiling, pongee, mull and lawn.

Fashion's wide diversions this season have their compensating touches. The tall and naturally short waisted women in the high waisted gown becomes all skirt. She finds relief in the Grecian tunic, which breaks the long line from waist to hem and relieves the unbroken expanse of skirt that otherwise would be impossible for her.

No part of a woman's outfit is so becoming as a well chosen and daintily made tea gown, and, while it is only intended for the most informal wear, it is as necessary as a reception gown. While the lines are loose and graceful, the figure is usually fitted, and the loose flowing effect is given by the drapery and sleeves.

SHERIDAN STAYS HOME.

Martin J. Sheridan, the best all-around athlete in America and doubtless in the world, will not go to London to take part in the forthcoming Olympian games. Mr. Sheridan is a member of the New York police force. He says his refusal to go abroad at this time is from personal and private reasons. Martin denies, however, that he is contemplating matrimony, as has been asserted.

BUNKER HILL

Something About Battle That Encouraged the Colonists to Fight.

The British Commander Violated Agreement With Boston Solons.

Many Irish Names Among the Soldiers Who Fought and Died.

VICTORY WAS DEARLY BOUGHT

One of the greatest events in American history was the battle of Bunker Hill, fought on June 17, 1775, more than a year before the famous Declaration of Independence upon the part of the American colonies. The American soldiers were raw recruits, while the flower of the trained veterans of the British army were sent against them. The object of the British invading force was to capture Boston. The British veterans were hired men; the Americans were volunteers, men who were fighting against oppression, men who wanted liberty, who were waging war for the protection of their altars and homes.

As Michael Doheny writes, they neither received nor expected pay for their dangerous service, and were kept together solely by virtuous patriotism. The troops, if such they may be called, asknowledged no control, and though they sat down before the city prepared to brave danger and death, they were bound by no obligation save their own courageous purpose. The army was, in fact, a multitude of men brought together by the impulsive enthusiasm of sudden emergency, but there was no instance of devotion in ancient or modern times to suggest a hope that without provisions, ammunition, clothing, or pay, beyond the uncertain supplies of patriotism, they could be maintained after the first flush of victory subsided or necessity began to press upon them. They had scarcely any of the agencies which in all ages enabled nations to wage successful war.

On the other hand, the British were supplied to repletion with all that the Americans lacked. They had able Generals and disciplined troops, and their army was well stored and provided with all the requirements for aggression or defense. Their vessels of war, too, were moored around the town, so placed as to prevent approach or destroy it at a moment's notice. And behind all stood the most unscrupulous and powerful nation in the world on land or sea.

General Gage, the British commander, backed by such seasoned veterans as Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, made an agreement with the Selectmen, or city fathers, of Boston, to allow those who wished to leave the city with their families. The movement to leave became general, and then Gage violated his agreement. He would not allow women or children to leave but kept them as hostages for the good behavior of the patriots. But on the morning of June 17, 1775, the British outposts discovered that the American patriots had fortified Breed's Hill during the night. The order had been given to fortify Bunker Hill, but for reasons of expediency the main defenses were erected on Breed's Hill. There the battle took place, but to this day, and probably until the end of time, it will be known as the battle of Bunker Hill. As the patriots labored with their picks and spades they were cheered on in their work by the distant signals of "All's well" that came from the British ships of war and their sentinels on shore. They proclaimed that they were still undiscovered, and at every cry of the grateful words the patriots plied their tools with increased vigor.

When Gen. Gage was notified soon after dawn that the Americans were intrenched, he gave orders for the ships and batteries to begin a silultaneous attack on the breastworks. Toward noon he found that the fire of the ships and batteries had not interfered with the Americans, and gave orders for an assault upon the heights. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the British force of picked men advanced upon the breastworks. Col. Prescott, knowing that his men were short of powder, ordered them to withhold their fire until they could see the whites of their enemies' eyes, and then to fire low. About this time, also, the British army set fire to Charlestown, a suburb of Boston. The fire did not discourage the American patriots. Instead, it aroused them to greater enthusiasm against the enemy.

The first assault of the British was repulsed, and red coats went down as if swept by a scythe. The second assault was no more successful. By this time the powder of the Americans was exhausted, but they made a gallant stand and fought with the butt ends of their muskets until driven from their entrenchments. Though the British forces claimed the victory it was one dearly bought. The British lost 1,500 men, while the Americans sustained a loss of 115 killed, 305 wounded and thirty taken prisoners, in all 450 men.

There were men of Irish birth and parentage at the battle of Bunker Hill. The blood they shed in the cause of liberty was not wasted, and today there are few cities in Ireland that numbers more Irish names than the city of Boston. Col. Prescott was in command of the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill, and his principal aide was Major Richard McCleary. Besides there were Capt. Samuel Dunn, Lieut. Charles Dougherty and hundreds of other volunteers of Irish birth or descent.

RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

Ginger poultices instead of mustard, prepared in the same manner you would prepare mustard poultices, will relieve neuralgia at once and will not blister.